

AN  
ELEGY  
ON THE  
USURPER O. C.  
BY THE  
AUTHOR  
OF

Abfalom and Achitophel,

*published to shew the Loyalty and Integrity of the POET.*

AND now 'tis time for their Officious haſt,  
Who would before have born him to the Sky  
Like eager *Romans* e're all rites were paſt,  
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

Though our beſt Notes are Treason to his Fame,  
Joy'd with the lowd Applauſe of publick Voice,  
Since Heaven the praife we offer to his Name,  
Hath rendred too Authentick by its Choicet.

Though in his Praiſe no Arts can lib'ral be,  
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,  
Leaſt not to his Immortal Memory,  
But do an Act of Friendſhip to their own.

Yet 'tis our Duty and our Intereſt too,  
Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe,  
Leaſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,  
And claim a title in him by their praife.

How ſhall I then begin or where concludet,  
To draw a Frame ſo truly circular?  
For in a Round what Order can be ſhew'd,  
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone;  
For he was great e're Fortune made him ſo,  
And Wars like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun;  
Made him but Greater ſeem, not Greater grow.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,  
But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring;  
Nor was his Vertue poiſon'd ſoon as born,  
With the too early thoughts of being King.

Fortune (that eaſie Miſtreſs of the young,  
But to her Antient Servants coy and hard;) *H*  
Him at that Age her Favorites ranck't among,  
When ſhe her beſt Lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

He private, mark't the Faults of others ſway,  
And ſet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun,  
Not like raſh Monarchs who their youth betray  
By Acts, their Age too late would wiſh undone.

And yet Dominion was not his deſign,  
We owe that Bleſſing not to him but Heaven,  
Which to fair Acts rewards unfought did joyn;  
Rewards which leſs to him than us were given.

Our former Cheiſs like Sticklers in the War,  
Fiſt ſought t'enſlame the Parties, then to poize,  
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor,  
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

War, our Conſumption, was their gainful Trade,  
We inward bled whiſt they prolong'd our pain,  
He fought to end our Fightings, and Eſſaid  
† *To ſtanch the Blood by breathing of a Vein.*

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſt,  
Like that bold *Greek* who did the *Eaſt* ſubdue,  
And made to Battle ſuch Heroick haſte,  
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

He fought ſecure of Fortune aſoſ Fame,  
Till by new Maps the Iſland might be ſhown,  
Of Conqueſts which he ſrew'd where e're he came;  
Thick as the Galaxy with Stars is ſown.

His Palmes though under weights, they did not ſtand,  
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Lawrels fade,  
Heaven in his portraict ſhew'd a Workmans hand,  
And drew it perfect yet without a ſhade.

Peace was the Price of all his Toyls and Care,  
Which War had baniſht and did now reſtore,  
*Bolognia's* Wall thus mounted in the Air,  
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

Her safety rescued, *Ireland* to him owes,  
And treacherous *Scotland* to no Intrest true;  
Yet blest that Fate which did his Arms dispose,  
Her Land to civilize as to subdue.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,  
When to pail Mariners they Storms portend,  
He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein  
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his Countenance did Imprint an Awe,  
And Nat'rally all Souls to his did bow,  
As wands of Divination downward draw,  
And point to Beds where Sovereign Gold does grow.

When past all Offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,  
He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to gowns made yield;  
Successful Councils did him soon Approve,  
As fit for close Intreagues, as open field.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,  
Our once bold Rival in the *Brittish Main*,  
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
And buy our Friendship with her Idol gain.

Fame of th'afferted Sea through *Europe* blown,  
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love,  
Each knew that side must Conquer he would own,  
And for him fiercely as for Empire strove.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,  
Then the light *Monfieur* the grave *Dow* outweigh'd,  
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,  
Though *Indian Mines* were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right  
For though some meaner Artific Skill were shown,  
In mingling Colours or in placing night,  
Yet all the fair desigment was his own.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw,  
The worth of each with its ally he knew,  
And as the Confident of Nature saw,  
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single Vertues did survey,  
By intuition in his own large Breast;  
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,  
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

When such Heroick Vertue Heaven sets out,  
The Stars like Commons fullenly obey;

Because it dreynsthem when it comes about,  
And therefore is a Tax they feldome pay.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,  
Which yet more Glorious Triumphs do portend,  
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,  
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

He made us Freemen of the Continent,  
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,  
To nobler Preys the English Lyon sent,  
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,  
Proud *Rome* with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard,  
And trembling, with behind more *Alps* to stand,  
Although *trun Alexander* were her Guard.

By his Command we boldly cross the Line,  
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise,  
We trac'd the far fetcht Gold unto the Mine,  
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

*Such was our Prince* yet own'd a soul above,  
The highest Acts it could produce to shew;  
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,  
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

Nor Dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,  
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live,  
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,  
As if above what Tryumphs Earth could give.

His latest Victories still thickest came,  
As, near the Center, motion dorth encrease,  
Till he, prest down with his own weighty Name,  
Did like the Vestal under Spoils decrease.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent,  
The Gyant Prince of all her watry herd,  
And th'Isle when her protecting Genius went,  
Upon his obsequies lowd sighs confer'd.

No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,  
But Faction now by habit does obey;  
And Wars have that respect for his repose,  
As Winds for Halcyons when they breed at Sea.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,  
His Name and great example stand to show  
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,  
Where Piety and Valour Joyn'tly go.

## POSTSCRIPT.

**T**He Printing of these Rhimes Afflicts me more  
Than all the Drums I in Rose-Alley bore.  
This shows my nauseous Mercenary Pen  
Would praise the vilest and the worst of men.  
A Rogue like Hodge am I, the World will know it,  
Hodge was his Fidler, and I John his Poet.  
This may prevent the pay for which I write;  
For I for pay against my Conscience fight.  
I must confess so infamous a Knave  
Can do no Service, though the humblest Slave.

Villains I praise, and Patriots accuse,  
My railing and my sawning Talents use;  
Just as they pay I flatter or abuse.  
But I to men in Power a Turd am still,  
To rub on any honest Face they will.  
Then on Ple go, for Libels I declare,  
Best Friends no more than worst of Foes I spare,  
And all this I can do, because I dare,  
He who writes on, and Cudgels can defie,  
And knowing hee'll be beaten still writes on; am I.

J. D.